A

Conſolatory Poem

Humbly Addreſs'd

TO

Her *ROYAL HIGHNESS.*

UPON

The much Lamented DEATH

OF

His Moſt Illuſtrious HIGHNESS,

WILLIAM,

Duke of Gloceſter.

By Dr. *Gibbs.*

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TO

Her *ROYAL HIGHNESS.*

IF e're Harmonious Numbers can diſpenſe
To Wounded Minds a Healing Influence:
If Grief, the reigning Paſſion in our Breaſt,
Can thus be ſooth'd, or mod'rately ſuppreſt:
You, the moſt Skilful of the Sacred Train,
Come, and Unite in one Harmonious Strain:

(fill,
With Powerful Charms your flowing Numbers
A *Mourning* PRINCESS now demands your Skill:
Condoling You the Royal Grief may ſhare,
Or with your Tuneful Song divert her Care.

But vain's th'Attempt, I fear, to bring Relief,
'Tis hard to ſtop ſo Great, ſo Juſt a Grief:
If by this Means kind Heav'n ordain'd a Cure
For the ſad Ills and Sorrows we endure,
Thro' all the Land ſhould the Rich Cordial go,
And be as Univerſal as our Woe.
But we in vain would in this Art excell,
We hardly can our own Affliction tell,
And how can *Harmony* with ſuch *Confuſion*
(dwell!

But tho', Great Princeſs! our Endeavors fail,
Your own *Illuſtrious Vertues* may prevail,
Juſt Heav'n already has approv'd the reſt,
Your *Patience* now ſtands the ſevereſt Teſt:

But

But Nobleſt Minds the Greateſt Ills can bear,
And You in Calm Submiſſion perſevere:
Thus your Perfections, tho' for *Empire* fit,
To Heav'ns Decrees encline You to *ſubmit.*

Then let the ſofter Paſſions be confin'd
To their juſt Bounds by *Fortitude* of *Mind:*
Think not on what ſo lately You have loſt,
The *Hopeful Prince,* Three Nations once could (boaſt:
When ſo much Danger in your Grief we view,
How can we bear to mourn for *Him* and *You!*
Affect not then Your Sorrows to renew.
Reflect not on the Diſmal Scene of Woe,
What Pains the God-like Youth did undergo:
For *His* Diſeaſe kind Heav'ns ordain'd ſo ſtrong,
Impatient *They* or *He* ſhould ſuffer long.

Strive not to recollect each Charming Grace,
That once adorn'd his Beauteous Heav'nly Face,
And

And what a young Heroic Air did ſhine
In all his Actions and his Form Divine.

Remember not how gratefull ſtill did ſeem
Your own Lov'd Vertues copy'd out in *Him*;
Such were the great Perfections of his Mind,
His Reaſon Strong, and yet his Temper Kind,
That here ſoft *Love* with *Majeſty* combin'd.

But if you can't theſe fixt Ideas quit,
(For who can ſuch Endearments e're forget!)
Tho' hence remov'd, lament him not, as loſt:
Juſt Heav'n has all thoſe Vertues now engroſt.
And ſince they were to ſuch Perfection grown,
Prevents the *future* with a *Brighter* Crown;
Unwilling they for their Reward ſhould wait,
Which both deſerve and fit th' Angelic State:
Not Flames with ſurer Inſtinct upward tend,
Than all Perfections do to Heav'n aſcend.

And

And here careſs'd by the *Cœleſtial Choir*,
What *Joys* do his *Immortal Breaſt* inſpire!
With Dawning Beams does the new Saint ariſe,
And with freſh Glory *Heav'n* it ſelf ſurprize:
His God-like *Anceſtours* deſcending meet
The *Beauteous Youth*, and their lov'd *Offspring* greet;
Then with Officious care they lead him on,
Thro' Realms of Bliſs, to his appointed Throne:
The Heav'nly Courtiers view their *welcome Gueſt*,
And own their *Joys* and *Number* both encreaſt.

And thus, *Great Princeſs*, moderate your Sighs,
Tho' the Delightful Object of Your Eyes
From *Earth* retires, in *Heav'n* Your pious Mind
Him, where You moſt converſe, will always find.

Thus when the *Patriarch* did News receive,
That his Lamented Son was yet alive,
And that he was advanc'd to high Command,
And Regal Honours in a Foreign Land;

Supported thus, he did His Abſence bear,
In hopes to ſee him, and his Glory ſhare.

But how ſhall *We* our raging Griefs compoſe,
And with what Hopes allay our preſent Woes!
Since no Relief from *Earth* or *Heav'n* appears,
To calm our *Sighs*, and ſtop a Nations *Tears:*
In vain we all in one Affliction *joyn*,
Which, tho' united thus, we can't ſuſtain;
For like the *Soul*, which now we feel oppreſt,
'Tis all in *All*, and all in *every* Breaſt.

Vaſt and Important is the mighty Weight
Of Earthly Kingdoms, and infirm the State;
How apt to fall! and ſtill expos'd a Prey
To *Foreign Force*, or *Homebred Treachery!*
How hard 'tis to aſſert the Publick Cauſe,
And from the Lawleſs guard the *Sacred Laws!*
And yet ſecure did we our ſelves preſume,
Pleas'd with a Proſpect of the Times to come:

The

The *diſtant Joys* thus charm'd our raviſht *Sight*:
But ſince the *Riſing Sun* withdraws his *Light*,
We fear Confuſion and approaching *Night*.

How is our Univerſal Comfort fled!
Our *Hopes* are loſt, a *Future Monarch* dead;
And (if Propitious Heav'n had ſo decreed,)
How juſtly might he *reign*, how worthily *ſucceed!*

But, O *Illuſtrious Princeſs!* how our *Fears*
And *Griefs* increaſe, to ſee your *Royal Tears!*
For when the pleaſant *Streams* no longer flow,
We for Relief, muſt to the *Fountain* go.
And tho' we dread ſome *future Ills* to bear,
Thoſe, *while You live*, nor *You*, nor *We* can fear.

And why ſhou'd *You* or *We* ſo much deſpair?
Heav'n kindly promiſes another Heir,
Which *You*, the *Country's Parent*, yet ſhall bear.

The

The *Great* and *Gracious GOD*, whom we adore,
Whoſe Gift reſum'd we now ſo much deplore,
To recompenſe our *Loſs* has *Bleſſings* yet in ſtore.

O, may they on Your *Royal Head* deſcend!
And to th' *Afflicted Nations* thence extend:
That a New Race of *Princes* yet unborn
May Your Great Line *continue* and *adorn*,
Who always may the *Vacant Throne* ſupply,
And guard us from approaching *Anarchy*.

THE END.